

POETRY.

GATES AJAR.

Up at heaven's portal,
There the angels wait,
Opening, for the ransom'd,
Heaven's pearly gate.
O! the happy greeting
On that farther shore;
With the blessed loved ones,
Who have gone before.
But the choicest blessing
On the other side,
Is the loving Saviour
Who for sinners died.
And our Father seeing,
On His great white throne,
Stoops, to bid us welcome,
Claims us for His own.
Heals the marks of suffering,
Branded on our brows,
Gives us love for sorrow,
Comforts all our woes.
And the blessed fountain
From the Saviour's side,
Gives us life eternal,
Makes our spirits bright—
As the glorious radiance
Streaming from the throne;
And the choir celestial
Sings a welcome home.
Then, O! join the singers
Who have chang'd the song,
And the glory—glory,
Echoes loud and long.
Glory to the Father
On his throne above!
Glory to the Saviour
For redeeming love!
Glory to the spirit!
Who gives comfort e'er,
To the overburdened
Wrestling in prayer.
Then a holy silence
Over heaven came:
When the Father gave the
Ransomed His new name.
Heaven's gates are open,
Heaven's love descends,
Heaven's breath is holy,
And heav'n's belov'd are friends.
Beth Lorne.

SELECTIONS.

Let the sinless throw! And the sinners went out, and she followed—to sin no more.—*George Macdonald.*

Christianity is not a cushioned-chair passenger train; it is pre-eminently a work train.—*Rev. D. Y. Bagby.*

A word once sent forth from the lips cannot be brought back with a chariot and six horses.—*Chinese Proverb.*

Only the dead can tell what death has been. It may have been many times an ecstasy.—*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.*

When we advance a little into life, we find that the tongue of man creates nearly all the mischief in the world.—*Paxton Hood.*

While Peter was warming by the enemy's fire it was easy for him to deny his Lord. Better be out in the cold and stand on your merit than warm by an enemy's fire and prove a traitor.—*Rev. Florian Ames.*

There are depths of love in Christ beyond all that we have seen. Therefore dig deep, and labor, and take pains for him, and set by as much time for him as you can. He will be won by labor.—*Rutherford.*

"The hoary head is a crown of glory . . . and the beauty of old men is the grey beard." But in the sight of God the grey is no better than any other color unless "it be found in the way of righteousness."—*Rev. G. E. Pressly.*

The shabbiest side of our modern life is its greediness. We gulp down every hour of the six days God gives us and sit up nights to devise ways and means to cheat him out of the only day he has reserved for himself.—*Bible Reader.*

And since 'tis certain, then, that we must die—

No hope, no chance, no prospect of redress

Be it our constant aim unswervingly
To tread God's narrow path of holiness.

—*Rabbi Don Santob.*

RAM'S HORN ARROWS.

There is no rank in the grave.

The devil sees to it that a grumbler is kept busy.

It is not always the biggest lion that roars the most.

The Bible offers no premium on laziness or improvidence.

Good fruit does not make the tree, but a good tree makes good fruit.

He who serves God for pay would serve the devil for higher wages.

Religion that isn't used every day in the week will have worms in it on Sunday.

The religious outlook is sometimes dark, but the religious uplook is always bright.

As long as a man is kept busy for God, the devil never knows just how to get at him.

No one can get out of life more than he puts in, and what he loves to do will be his life's work.

One of the hardest things the devil has ever tried to do is to put a long face on a happy Christian.

There is no such thing as becoming rich by piling up gold, if by doing it we keep God out of the heart.

I hate to see a thing done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it alone.—*Gilpin.*

If some people had the faith to move mountains, they would blockade every road over which their neighbors had to haul wheat to market.

Our Dead.

DEATH AT WORK.

The brother referred to above was Alex Dudgeon, 68 years of age, a native of Scotland, and moved to this country many years ago, he united with the Presbyterian church when twenty years of age. He lived about five miles south of Carleton, near a mission point we have, and was interested in every good work, and always ready to help the cause of Christ along. He leaves a widow and five children who with his many friends will miss him. This morning I held the funeral services of a little babe. And so the old and young pass away, and in a little while our own homes may have a vacant chair.

J. D. McFADEN.

BAKER.—Died at the home of Henry and sister Bell Baker, Sept. 26th, their infant daughter, Martha Elizabeth Baker, aged 5 months and 3 days. Funeral services in the Brethren church at Bridgeport, conducted by the writer from 2 Samuel xii, 23. May God bless and keep the afflicted parents.

M. C. MYERS.

FOUST—Elizabeth wife of Samuel Foust of Cherokee, Cherokee Co., Ia. Died Oct. 25th, 1894. Aged 77 yrs, 10 mo, 11 days. Sister Foust was born in Union Co., Pa., Dec. 14th, 1816; was married to Samuel Foust in 1842, and came to Ia., with her husband in 1864. The husband and five children survive her, three sons and two daughters.

Sister Foust has been confined to her bed for some time, and she often expressed herself as ready to go. death came to her as a sweet relief. She belonged to the United Brethren a number of years, but at the time of her death was a member of the Brethren church. Her remains were laid away in the Aurelia cemetery. Oct. 27. The funeral services were conducted by the writer from 1 Thes. iv, 14. "Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

C. Forney.

Aurelia, Ia.

SHERICK—David L. Sherick, was born in Miami County, Ind., March 15th, 1850, and departed this life at Miami, Oct. 15th, 1894, aged 44 years and 7 months.

He was married to Alice Billhimer the now bereaved widow, Oct. 8th, 1874. To this union were born 7 children, all of whom with his mother, one brother and three sisters survive to mourn their loss.

The deceased united with the Brethren Church during the year 1883, and lived a true upright Christian from that period until his death. We will all miss him, his genial and social manner was always sunshine for us. He is gone and will not come back to us, Let us live for God and

not for another, that we all may be united in Jesus our Lord.

Funeral discourse took place in the Loree Church, Miami Co., Ind. a large concourse of people attending. May the Lord bless the mourning friends, and encourage them to faithfulness.

WM. W. SUMMERS.

In the afternoon of the same day the funeral of a Mr. Spurgeon's child took place at Sister Lydia Cunningham's, the second child they lost within a month with whooping cough. The shadows are dark, but the day star of hope is bright. We will meet them by and by. Funeral by

WM. W. SUMMERS.

JOHNSON—Sarah Ann (Rose) Johnson was born Aug. 31st, 1833, and died Oct. 21st, 1894, leaving a husband, six children and many grandchildren, as well as brothers, sisters and many friends to mourn her loss. Sister Johnson was a Christian and a consistent member of the Brethren church. She had cancer on the cheek, but was patient during all her suffering. My heart ached when, inarticulately, she asked me to preach her funeral sermon. The tears were in her eyes and rolled slowly over her cheeks. But she expressed firm faith in Jesus, and said he was the only one to lean upon in the hour of death. She trusted him, too, falling into peaceful slumber to awaken free from pain. The services were largely attended and many sympathizing friends tearfully laid her down to sleep in the cemetery at Uniontown where so many others quietly share her lowly pillow.

MARY M. STERLING.

ROSIE SHAFER:—Daughter of Abram and Susan Studebaker, died Oct. 3rd, 1894. She was married to George Shafer. Two children blessed this union which are left with their father to mourn the loss of a mother.

Sister Shafer was near twenty-nine years old when she died. She never joined the church but was faithful in attendance and paid her portion every month for the support of the church. She became very much interested in her eternal welfare during her last illness which was of short duration. She prayed for herself and many others prayed for her; just before she passed away, she exclaimed "I am satisfied." She would have been baptized but her sickness would not admit of it. She said a few days before she passed away that she was a full fledged Progressive. She will be missed in the church, in the home and in the community. May the prayers of Christian people ascend for brother George and his two little children. Funeral in the Maple Grove church. A very large audience attending. Funeral by W. W. Summers, assisted by George Studebaker.